

For You

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Summary:

"Richie," Eddie interrupted. "I know something's wrong, you always get this look on your face. Just tell me."

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Author's Note:

Been a little stressed out lately, but writing about these two helps. Hope you like!

Even before they became a couple, Richie had perfected his method of sneaking into Eddie's room during the night. He knew exactly where to put his foot and what to grab onto in order to safely climb up to his window. If Mrs K's mood was fussy enough that she would go in and out of Eddie's room to check up on him, Eddie would place a red flowerpot in the window as a signal for Richie not to come up. On such days Richie would go to Bill, who lived closest.

But tonight there was no red flowerpot in the window, and Richie was really glad for that, because - much as he liked Bill - tonight it was Eddie he needed. He climbed up to his boyfriend's window, and tapped the glass. Eddie's face appeared from behind the curtain, and he hurriedly opened the window.

"Quick, get inside before someone sees you!" Eddie hissed.

"Oh my, eager are we?" Richie grinned, climbing in.

"Keep your voice down, mom is still up!"

"I can put her to bed, if you want," Richie winked, then held his hands up as Eddie approached him with narrowed eyes. "Take it easy babe, I'm kidding!"

He plopped himself down on Eddie's bed, grabbing the book lying open on the nightstand.

"Any good?"

"Yeah, I think so."

"What's it about?"

"This author gets in a car accident in a snowstorm and is rescued by a

woman who takes him to her house, and it turns out she's a raging lunatic."

"Cool! Let me read it when you're done."

"Sure." Eddie sat down next to him. "Are you okay?"

"Uh-ah-yeah, uh-like-you know-uh why wouldn't I-like-be okay-uh-like you know..."

"What the hell was that?"

"That was supposed to be Stallone, but apparently it needs work. My Schwarzenegger is better, though, listen here..."

"Richie," Eddie interrupted. "I know something's wrong, you always get this look on your face. Just tell me."

Richie looked down, picking on a loose thread in his shirt.

"My dad sold all my music."

Eddie frowned.

"He what?"

"I got home and it was all gone. All my records and my albums on cassette. He said it was punishment for me being such a fucking smartass, but I think he just wanted spending money for booze or something."

"Oh," Eddie grabbed him in a hug. "I'm so sorry."

"Hey, don't worry! It's not so bad, I've still got my mixtapes. No biggie."

Eddie smiled sadly at him. It was most definitely a biggie. Richie's music collection meant the world to him. To lose it all, just like that... Eddie knew he was heartbroken. He pulled Richie closer and kissed his forehead.

"It's not so bad. I'll just start collecting again, it'll be okay," Richie

shrugged.

"You sure?"

"Yeah, it's fine. But... since I'm kind of bummed out..." his lips spread into a grin. "...I was thinking a little smoochin' would cheer me up."

"Oh you did, did you?" Eddie smiled.

"Yeah. So, I'll just go to your mom now, and... ow!" Richie rubbed his arm where Eddie had punched it. "You dare harm a man when he's already wounded in the heart, you fiend!"

"Alright, fine! I'll give you a pass on the mom jokes this time, but only because you're having a rough night."

"And the smoochin'. I'll get smooches too, right?" Richie asked eagerly, wiggling his eyebrows. "Pretty please?"

"Well," Eddie laughed, leaning in towards Richie, "Since you asked so nicely..."

Softly, their lips met. Richie's hand caressed Eddie's cheek as they slowly kissed. Eddie did the same, then slid his hand into Richie's hair. For only a moment, he could hear his mother's voice inside his head (*"Do you know how dirty someone's hair can be?!"*), but he quickly silenced it and focused on the lovely feel of soft curls between his fingers, and Richie's lips against his own.

They kissed for some time, until Richie reluctantly pulled away.

"I should probably go home."

"You're sure? You could sleep here tonight, you know."

"Yeah, but we'd risk getting caught by your mom and then there would be hell to pay. She'd be jealous I slept in your bed instead of hers." He kissed Eddie's cheek. "Relax, babe. I'll be fine."

"Okay... Look, why don't we hang out with the Losers tomorrow afternoon? Take your mind off things?"

"Yeah, sure. Sounds mah-velous!"

Eddie shushed him, and listened for sounds from his mother's bedroom. He could hear her faint snoring.

"She's asleep. I'll let you out the front door."

They made their way downstairs. Eddie unlocked the front door.

"You sure you'll be okay?"

"Yeah," he said brightly. "I told you, it's not that bad." He scratched the back of his head, sighing. "I just wish I hadn't pissed away all my money at the arcade the other day. Then I'd at least have enough left to buy back my copy of The Cure's Disintegration. But it's cool, I'll get it as soon as I have money. Like I said, I still have my mixtapes. It's not the end of the world, Eds. I'm fine."

"Okay, well... talk to you tomorrow, then."

They shared a brief goodnight kiss. Richie adjusted his glasses.

"Ah'll be bakk!" He grinned. "Perfect Schwarzenegger, right?"

"Terrible."

"See you tomorrow, Eds."

They kissed quickly again, then Eddie watched his boyfriend ride away on his bike into the night, and closed the front door with a sigh.

The following morning, Eddie went into his closet and pulled out a small cardboard box he had hidden away in there, opened it and examined its contents. He emptied it with a frown, then called Bill. He explained what had happened last night.

"You think you could help out?" he asked anxiously.

"O-o-of course! L-l-let's ask the o-others as well. I'll call B-bev and M-m-mike, and you call S-s-stan and B-ben."

"Okay. Thank you."

"D-don't m-mention it."

When Richie met up with the Losers down at the Barrens that afternoon, he was promptly handed a large shopping bag by Eddie.

"What's this?" he asked, taking it.

"Just look!" Eddie said excitedly, bouncing on his heels.

He did. In the bag he could see a stack of records.

"What the *fuck*?!"

Mouth gaping, he pulled them out.

"Eddie told us what happened," Mike explained. "We went to the used record store and bought back some of your stuff."

"Yeah, we all p-p-pitched in," Bill smiled.

"Obviously we didn't have enough money to buy back your whole collection, but at least we managed to save some of your favorites," Bev said, patting his shoulder.

"You..." Richie swallowed, feeling a lump in his throat. He looked through the stack. Here was Disintegration, Toto IV, all his David Bowie records, Guns N' Roses' Appetite for Destruction, Tears for Fears' Songs from the Big Chair, a'ha's Hunting High and Low. "You guys did this?"

"Of course we did, dumbass," Bev said. "You drive us crazy sometimes, but we love you."

"Yeah," Stan grinned. "You may be a trashmouth, but your *our* trashmouth."

"You guys..." Richie cleared his throat. "Thanks."

"N-n-no problem. E-e-eddie paid for m-m-most of it, anyway."

Richie looked up at Eddie, eyes shining.

"You did?"

Eddie nodded, cheeks flushed.

"Where'd you get the money?"

"I had some birthday and Christmas money stashed away."

"Eds..." Richie reverently put the records back in the bag. "You could have spent that money on something for yourself."

"I did," Eddie said, smiling softly. "I wanted to make you happy, because that would make *me* happy. You are happy, aren't you?"

Richie nodded with a sniff.

"Aww, he's so touched," Stan chuckled. "I wish I had my camera."

Richie carefully put the bag down, walked up to Eddie, swept him into his arms and kissed him, pressing their lips fiercely together.

"Thank you!" he said warmly as they broke apart.

"You're welcome" Eddie replied softly. Then both boys froze as they realized they just kissed in front of their friends.

Their friends who didn't know they were together.

Letting go of Eddie, Richie looked at them, smiling stiffly.

"I'm just so *grateful!*" he said with an exaggerated sob. "You're next, Stan the Man," he said, approaching Stan.

"Whoa, easy there, Tiger," Stan said, hurriedly taking a step back. "And you can relax, everyone here already knows about you two."

"You do?" Eddie said in surprise.

"Yeah, we figured it out a while back," Mike said. "And then we felt stupid for not figuring it out sooner."

"And..." Eddie fidgeted nervously. "You're okay with..."

"We're happy for you," Ben said. "We, all of us, think it's great."

They glanced around, seeing all their friends smiling warmly at them. Smiling back sheepishly, Richie took Eddie's hand and laced their fingers together.

"Thanks again," he said. "Loser friends are the best friends." He turned to Eddie. "And the best boyfriends."

At that, all the Losers let out a collective "Awww!"

Later, Eddie and Richie walked home together, leading their bikes, Richie holding his bag of records in a firm grip.

"You want to keep those at my house, in case your dad tries to take them again?" Eddie asked him.

"Nah. If he asks I'll tell him they're borrowed from friends. He'll believe it, he knows I don't have any money. He won't do anything if he thinks they're someone else's. And after a week or so, he'll have forgotten about the whole thing. I don't think he'll do it again."

"Okay, if you're sure..."

"Yeah, I just... need my music around me at home, you know?"

"I know," Eddie said quietly.

"Hey, Eds." Richie stopped walking, looking at him softly. "I love you."

Eddie leaned over, kissing his cheek softly.

"I love you, too."

Richie held up the record bag.

"Thanks again for saving them."

"Anytime, babe," Eddie smiled.